

The Conning Tower

TO THE VERS LIBRISTS.

Ye that have shattered the shackles of prosody,
Ye that are freed from the fetters of rhyme,
Screwing at metre with loud "Pervicis odi,"
Decrying the Tyrian trimmings a crime—

Sing if ye will your cacophonous utterings,
Mash 'em like Masters or pound 'em like Pound;
We've had enough of your stumblings and stutterings.
Leave us the thrill of melodious sound—

Measures that march with the surge of a benison,
Metres that ripple and tinkle like bells.
Lyrics of Calverley, Dobson, and Tennyson;
Carols of Caryl and Carolyn Wells.

QUINTUS.

There are things about blackmail that some of us don't exactly understand. For instance, when Mr. West said he was going to take a trip from Chicago to New York, and the young woman insisted, as he said, on accompanying him, why, if he didn't want her to go, didn't he refuse to take her? Or, as was shown in the amusing play "The Affinity," which Laurence Irving played in New York, it is harder to refuse a Buda Godman than it is to refuse a l. w. wife.

FAMILIAR MISQUOTATIONS.

"Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

Times have changed, but not basically. The universe began 5677 years ago to-day and the forecast for Tishri 2nd was "Partly Cloudy."

Observation of most of the plays produced so far this season leads one to the conclusion that the managers or the playwrights don't give the public credit for possessing as much intelligence as it actually has. And yet, while, for four days in the week we believe the public is pretty alert—at least more alert and intelligent than those who pretend to know what the Public Wants think—there are times when we agree with George Ade, who observes that "The Plain People are worth dying for until you give them the cold Once-Over, and then they impress the Impartial Observer as being slightly Bovine, with a large percentage of Vegetable Tissue."

THE FERRY TALKERS.

"Looks like the Brooklyns would cop all right."

"Sure does."

"You never know, though. The Phillies might beat 'em out yet."

"S right. Nothing's a cinch in baseball."

"S right. It's a uncooth game. 'S what makes it interesting, I always say."

"S right. The Red Sox 'a' got it about cinched."

"Sure. That's some team, believe me."

"Sure is. They'll whale the tar out o' Brooklyn."

"D say they will. Still, Robbie might slip somethin' over on 'em at that."

"S right. He's a fox."

"Yep. But they ain't got that pennant yet."

"You bet they ain't. Them Phillips ain't beaten till the last man's out."

"S right. They're a game team."

"... he had an air of being but vaguely aware of whom Miss Chancellor, the object now of his wife's perpetual reference, might be."—From "The Bostonians," by Henry James.

"Why should you chide us," asks W. D. C., "when the immortals cyril, too?" We have no wish to spare the immortals; on the contrary. Perhaps Mr. James thought "whom" was the object of a preposition, as well as of his wife's perpetual reference.

REFERRED TO THE TRAFFIC TENNIS COURT.

Sir: Whenever my doubles partner, who specializes in such things, smashes 'em out of court, I threaten to have him arrested for reckless driving. Do you blame me, boss, do you? EDAR.

VACATION DAYS.

VIII.

STORM IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

That would be a death to die—
Swept from earth by blinding sheets of hail—
Beaten down from the peaks by rolling thunder—
Riven by a lightning-flash from on high!
Ennobled by the requisition of the Lord of Hosts,
One could meet the end, arms open, with the ancient cry,
"The chariot and the horsemen, O my Father!"

Instead, we seek shelter in our snug houses,
And some day an infinitesimal microbe
That somehow has escaped extinction in our corpuscles
Will have its insidious will with us;
And we shall perish with an injured feeling
That we never did have any luck anyhow.

Alice.

Even so carefully proof-read a magazine as "The Bookman" refers, in the October number, to "Mrs. Humphrey Ward."

WHY NOT DO IT YOURSELF?

Sir: Why haven't you called our attention to that commercially candid car-card which announces that such and such a ginger-ale "makes thirst a pleasure"? R. W. H. L.

The sail acted like a huge sheet of armor plate, pale with fright and quite frantic.—From "The Taste of the Salt," in October "Adventure."

It acted more like a huge block of armor plate stock.

The Herald's Head on This Editorial Is "Ignorance," and It Requires a More Adroit Hand Than Ours to Better It.

[From the Rochester Herald.]

In an attempt to be smart at the expense of the President, a so-called humorist who conducts a column of tiresome badinage in the New York Tribune the other day observed that after the election we shall have "for the first time three living ex-Presidents."

It is this sort of misinformation respecting the history and achievements of men and administrations that the hungry depend upon to befuddle the public mind. The humorist, so-called, is apparently too ignorant of the history of his country to know that John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were contemporaries and ex-Presidents at one period in our history, and Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan at another.

Society leads always in unconventionality. The Sun's title to one of its pictures is "One of the poses in the hula hula which society will dance, sans the grass costume and bare ankles."

LUX AETERNA.

There will of course be other perfect days,
And crystal sunset clouds again will glow
In windless glory; once more I shall gaze
In wonder while the silent waters flow.
Because this breathless peace does not endure,
I do not weep; the punctual seasons send
Time and again this calm; such gifts secure,
This incidental darkness cannot end.

No fleeting magic this, but ordered, clear,
Ever renewed the twilight fires must burn,
And I live lightly sure that year to year,
These fragile deathless colors will return.

Yet now that all the radiance has passed,

I sigh, as though this day had been the last.

IRWIN.

The motor-car concerns are looking for a phrase to describe the service-station privilege.

F. P. A.

SOCIETY ATTENDS FALL RACE MEET

Ideal Weather Conditions Mark Opening at Belmont Park Terminal.

ALL THE BOXES ARE OCCUPIED

Long Island Set, Back After Vacation Period, Well Represented.

Ideal weather conditions marked the opening of the fall racing at Belmont Park Terminal yesterday afternoon, and a representative gathering of members of New York society was in attendance as he said, on accompanying him, why, if he didn't want her to go, didn't he refuse to take her? Or, as was shown in the amusing play "The Affinity," which Laurence Irving played in New York, it is harder to refuse a Buda Godman than it is to refuse a l. w. wife.

George Washington may be the ton's cheeks pink at all costs. Their resolution follows:

"Resolved, That we believe it the province of the American Chemical Society to investigate the status of American dyestuff manufacturers as a possible source of such dyes for government use, and that the matter be referred to a committee for investigation and report to this convention.

Conferences were also held during the day by the divisions of biochemical, physical and inorganic chemistry; water, sewage and sanitation; industrial chemists and chemical engineers; fertilizer chemistry and pharmaceutical chemistry.

All this was discussed yesterday at the third session of the Chemical Society's Convention. At the conclusion of the debate the chemists, fired with patriotic fervor, asserted that they stood ready to keep George Washington's embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Many motored over to the track early in the day, and had luncheon at the Turf and Field Club, opposite the Terminal, and others went out from the city by the special trains.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made in German factories. The supply of this color now on hand in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving is running short, and unless Britain lifts the embargo, as it has been urged to do, and allows the Kaiser to ship us 45,000 pounds of the First President will become deathly pale.

Major Levick, Jr., of Boston, two cents apiece in every postage stamp tinted with crimson lake, made